

WAS SO NERVOUS AND SHORT OF BREATH COULD HARDLY SLEEP

Mrs. Louise Kuglin, Golden Lake, Ont., writes: "For several years I was greatly troubled with my heart. I was so nervous and short of breath I could hardly sleep at night, and if I did sleep for a while I had bad dreams. "I managed to keep at my work, somehow, until I began to have dizzy spells which got so bad I had to give up. I used many kinds of medicine, but found no help until I got a box of MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. After the first box I found a great change, and after two boxes I was as well as I could be. "I told my mother, who had choking sensations, about them and they helped her greatly. "Price 50c. a box at all druggists and dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SMILES



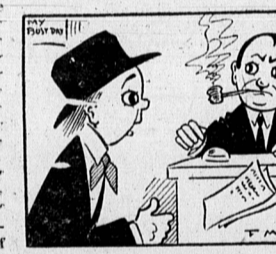
"The most effective remedy for heartburn is heart balm."



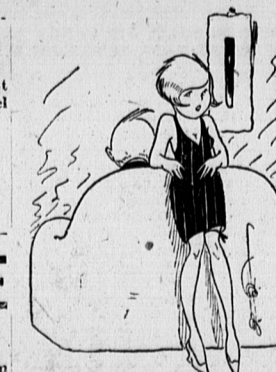
"That actor does pretty well in that role." "A ham actor ought to do pretty well in any roll."



The Well-stuffed Wallet: "I'm well and strong now, but wait till you see me in a few week's time!"



Poet: What will you give me for these poems? Editor (reaching for paper-weight after hasty perusal): Just to minutes start.



The United States Patent Office receives an average of 125 applications a month for patents for radio apparatus as compared with 60 a month in 1920.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received by the Secretary up until December 20th for parties willing to contract for the gathering of eggs for Springfield Circle No. 26 for the year 1928. Lowest tender not necessarily accepted. ALEX. McDONALD, Secretary. Braselton, R. R. No. 1. 901-12-7-21.

NOTICE

Citizens who have not paid their Civic taxes on or before the 31st day of December, 1927, will be disqualified from voting at the next Civic Election in February 1928. Section 24 of the Election Act will be strictly enforced, and a list of defaulters handed to the Returning Officer, by order of the Mayor and Council. G. P. NICHOLSON, City Clerk.

SONIA

By VIDA HURST

All through the autumn Sonia was dazzled by the glamour of her first romance. Life did not exist save as it was related to Franklin. She shopped with him in her mind, read stories with him as the gallant hero, swept and dusted the apartment for the moment he would arrive. Even at work or lunching with the girls, he sat beside her, silent, shaping her opinions, coloring her desires. And in all that time his appearance at the office was as regular as her own. Sonia, thriving on happiness, could feel herself growing sweeter and more reasonable. Love was developing unselfishness in her. She spent no more hours at her mirror, dangling cigarettes or posing like a picture in a fashion magazine. She was kinder to the girls at the office. She began to have real affection for Maxine. Her mother wrote asking if she could arrange to come home for Christmas. Sonia, loathed to leave her lover, asked Crane what his plans for the holiday were. He told her he should have to accompany his mother to Washington. "That settles it, then," cried Sonia. "I'm going home." She began to be conscious, then, of a secret hunger to see her mother. At noon she would hurry through her lunch and walk through the shopping streets. The color and atmosphere of Christmas shopping was intoxicating. She wished she had more shopping to do, but she had little to buy and very little to spend. She purchased an incense bowl for Vera, dolls for the children, a tea set for her mother. Some time, she dreamed, hunting something for Franklin, he would come shopping with her. In spite of Maxine's warning her probable marriage was shaping itself in her mind. Nothing definite had been said, but Franklin was working as never before. What else could it mean? They should worry about his mother's money. Love and pride filled Sonia's heart. She had seen Walter Henderson only in connection with business. His greeting of her was invariably courteous, but formal. And she had not discussed either of the men again with Maxine.

INSTALLMENT XII Henderson arrived on the heels of his telephone call. Sonia opened the door to him gayly. "Merry Christmas." "The same to you, Sonia. I couldn't bear for you to go home angry with me. Let's kiss and make up." "I'm not angry," she countered. "You said some very unkind things to me which I failed to understand, but I have not been angry about it." "Will you forgive me, then?" His voice was very humble. It was thrilling to hear a man so distinctly of the world asking her pardon like a schoolboy. She stretched out her hand. "Indeed, I will. I should like very much to be friends with you." Very gently he lifted her hand and kissed it. "Sonia, I have brought you a little Christmas gift. If you mean that, you will accept it." She answered nervously. "But I must see it first." "Close your eyes." Like a child she obeyed. She felt him slip something on her little finger. Looking down, she saw an exquisite emerald flashing from platinum. "Emeralds on your white hand, Sonia. Your dream has come true." Dazzled by joy in the sparkling color, she lifted her hand. "It's beautiful. Oh, I love it," she breathed, sighing, instantly, "but, of course, I can't keep it." "Why not?" There are no strings attached to it, Sonia. "I'm sure of that. I don't doubt the spirit with which you have offered it, but I can't take it, really." She eyed it enviously. It was the most perfect jewel she had ever seen. "It looks as if it had been made for me." "It has been, dear. Please take it. If you don't I'll think you are still holding the other night against me." "It isn't that." "What is it, then?" Tears of longing were in her eyes. "I just can't, that's all. It's too expensive." At that moment the doorbell rang. Sonia snatched the ring from her finger and admitted Franklin Crane. His blue eyes darkened at sight of the other man. "Good evening, Franklin. I just dropped in to say 'Merry Christmas' to Miss Marsh before she goes home." "I see," Franklin said dryly. His glance went to the open velvet box. "Saying it with jewelry, I take it." The older man flushed, while Sonia interrupted, "But I'm not accepting it, Franklin, much as I'd love to." "Don't let me stop you. It'll go."

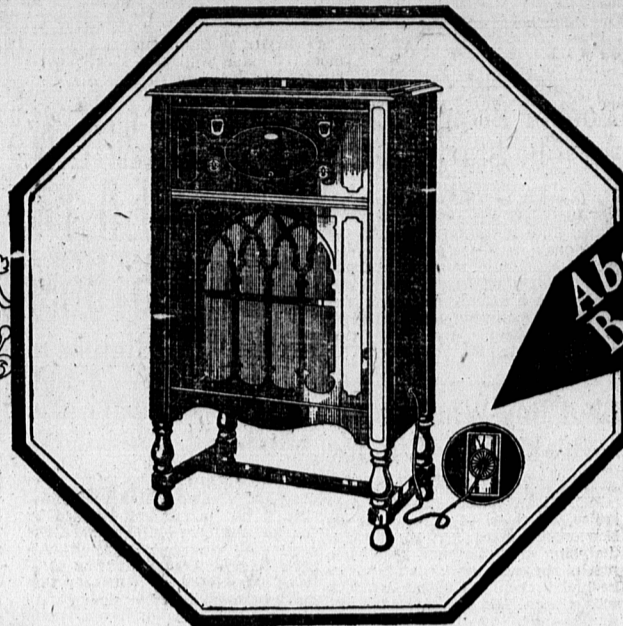
She ran to him, holding him with strong, young arms. "No, you shall not. I won't have things spoiled like this, Mr. Henderson, won't you tell him that I had already refused your gift? Please!" "It is quite true, Franklin, Miss Marsh has not done me the honor of accepting the little gift I had prepared for her. Merry Christmas to both. Goodnight!" When he had gone Sonia stood against the door. "I think you are terrible!" she accused, but she was trembling. "How could you talk like that to a man like Walter Henderson?" "He's no different from any other man." "Well, he is," she defended hotly. "He is a gentleman and you've insulted him. I'm surprised at you, Franklin. It isn't fair." His face was as black as a thunderstorm. "Let him keep away from you, then. If he's such a gentleman, what does he mean hanging around offering you a platinum ring?" "He didn't mean anything." "I suppose not! No doubt he gave one to every bookkeeper in the office!" "You're ridiculous," she said coldly. "He gave it to me because I said I loved emeralds." "Why didn't you take it then?" "You ought to know why. Tears sparkled in her green eyes. "Here we are quarrelling on my last evening. I can't understand you, Franklin." He was glowering at her like a wrathful god. "How do you suppose I feel, tearing myself away from an important meeting to find another man that had got here first?" "Don't you talk like that to me!" flashed Sonia. "Who do you think you are, anyway? I've told you the truth about the whole affair. And you are behaving like a silly schoolboy. Now you can believe me or not, just as you please." He seized his hat. "All right, I'll go." "Gick at heart, she watched him go out of the door. Was her high romance to crash thus about her? In vulgar squabbling and cheap insinuations? But she would never call him back. Pride had risen, white hot, at his insulting tone. A death blow, thought Sonia, to love. An hour later she was sitting exactly as he had left her, staring into an empty fireplace, shivering with cold. The telephone rang but she did not answer it. What would Christmas mean to her now? How could she endure going back to Muncie with this quarrel between them? How could she smile over the ruins of her first romance? The memory of his face, distorted with suspicion, hurt her far more than his words.

"The door bell rang. She sat, stonily hoping if it were Franklin he would go away. Nothing could ever be the same again. But the bell pealed again and again until she was forced to answer it. He stood there, staring at her white face. "I'm sorry, Sonia." "It doesn't matter." "But don't, I know it does." He came in, closing the door behind him. He picked her up as if she were a child and sank down on the davenport. "Fuss me, Sonia." "No!" "That's right. Kiss me again." "But if you loved me," she protested weakening, "how could you have doubted me?" "Dearest! Unreasonable little sweetheart, if I didn't love you why should I care at all? But I'm sorry, and because I am I've come back." She lay in his arms wondering if any magic could bring that first glamour again. "Sonia, I suppose after turning down an emerald you're not even interested in my poor little Christmas gift?" She was all attention. "What is it? Tell me, please." "You promise to accept it even if it isn't platinum?" "Silly," she scoffed. "I'd accept it even if it were."

(To Be Continued.)

WEST ROYALTY SCHOOL The following is the report of West Royalty School for the month of November: Grade X.—1. Kathleen Curley. Grade IX.—1. Harry Lewis. Grade VIII.—1. Betty Curley. 2. Richard Curley, 3. Helen MacKinnon. Grade VII.—1. Hazel Hurry, 2. Jean MacKinnon, 3. Stanley Hurry. Grade VI.—1. Lillian Hurry, 2. Eric Hurry, 3. Gordon Roberts. Grade V.—1. Catherine Carson, 2. Isabel Curley, 3. Richard MacKinnon. Grade III.—1. Raymond MacKinnon, 2. Jack Bell, 3. Kitty MacKinnon and Eileen Curley. Grade I. (a)—1. Ivan Frizzle, 2. Laura Hurry, 3. Birdena Frizzle. Perfect Attendance—Betty Curley, Raymond MacKinnon, Ivan Roberts, Laura Hurry, Birdena Frizzle, Ivan Frizzle, Henry Hurry, Ivan MacKinnon. Percentage of attendance—74.4. Bramwell Chandler—Teacher. Keep Minard's Lignment near at hand.

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